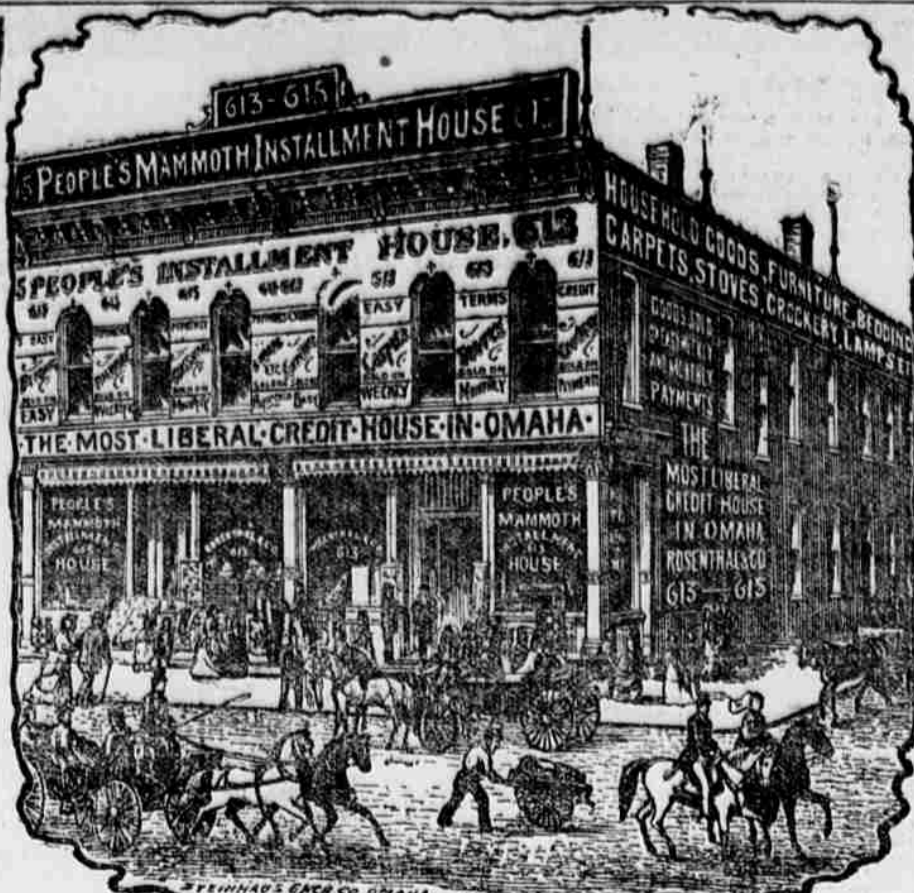




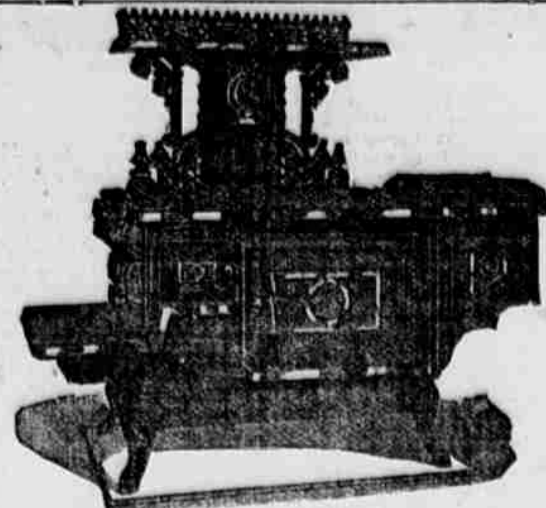
Plush Rocker, \$9.50; cheap at \$15 ISN'T THAT FAIR?



Carpet Rocker, \$11.50; on easy terms ISN'T THAT FAIR.



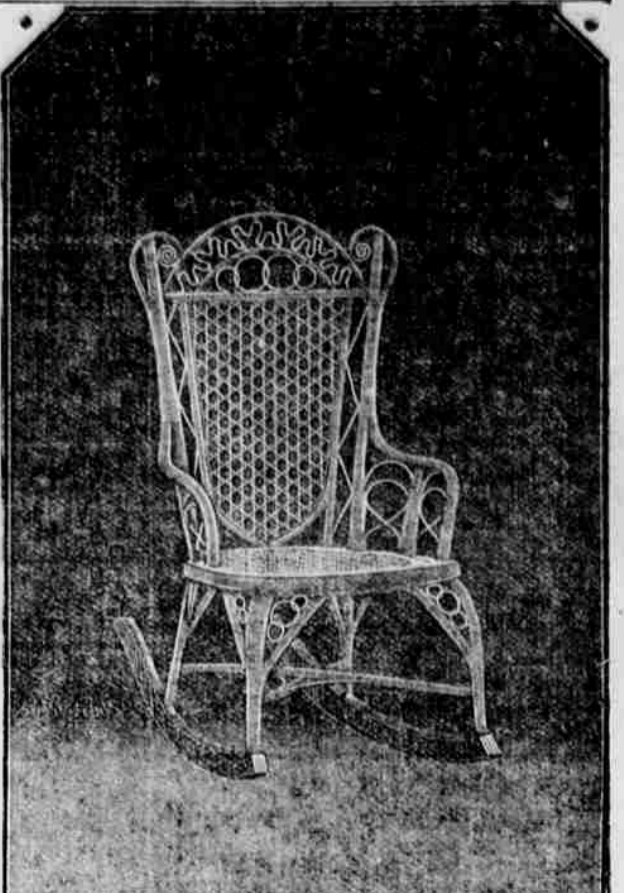
PEOPLES MAMMOTH INSTALLMENT HOUSE THE MOST LIBERAL CREDIT HOUSE IN OMAHA. 613-615 N. 16TH ST.



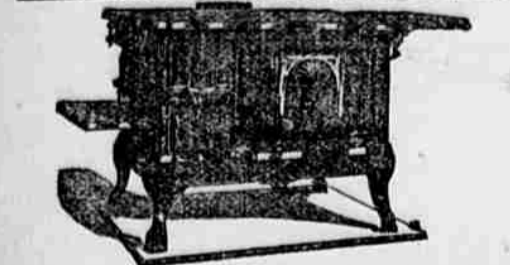
Famous Universal--Fine as any Range made, \$32. ISN'T THAT FAIR.



Family Universal Cook, \$18, on payments. No finer stove made. ISN'T THAT FAIR?



Rattan Rocker, cheap at \$5. On Easy Payments. ISN'T THAT FAIR.



\$9.50; cheapest Stove in America. ISN'T THAT FAIR?



Sole Agents for Omaha.

Sold on

Easy Weekly or Monthly Payments

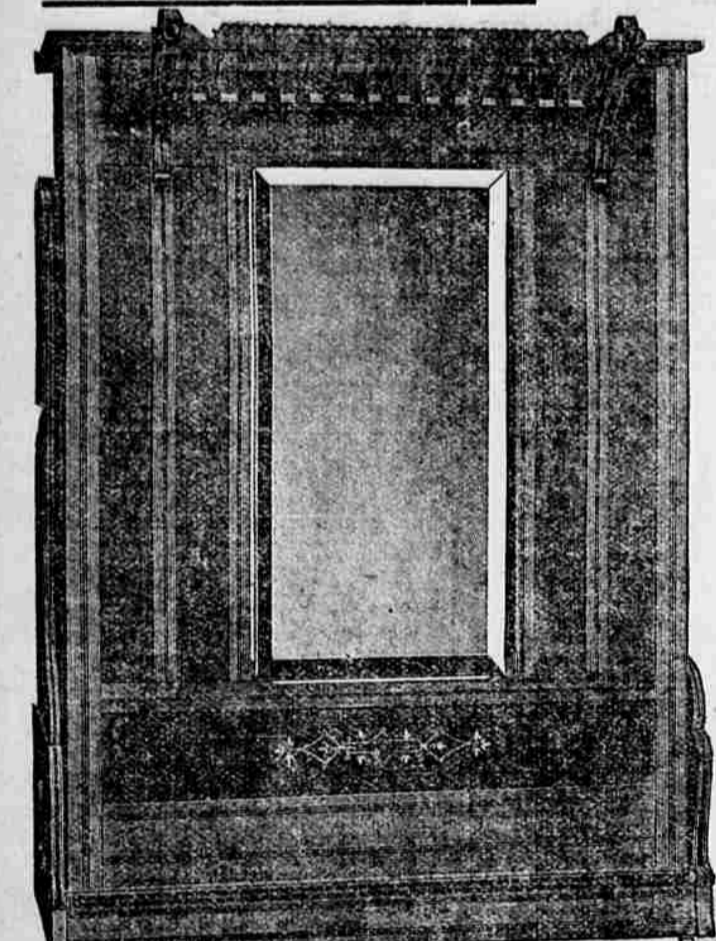
Elegant Lounge, \$6; on time. ISN'T THAT FAIR.



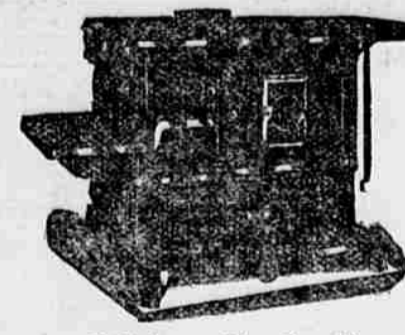
Bed Lounge \$8.50. On Payments. ISN'T THAT FAIR?



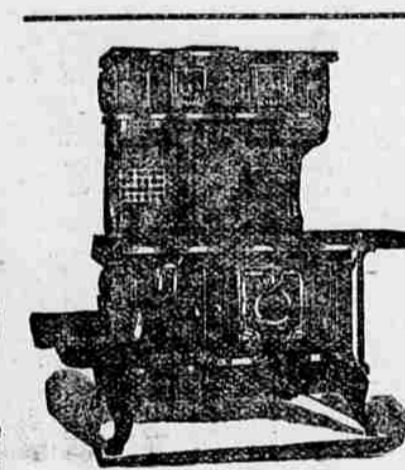
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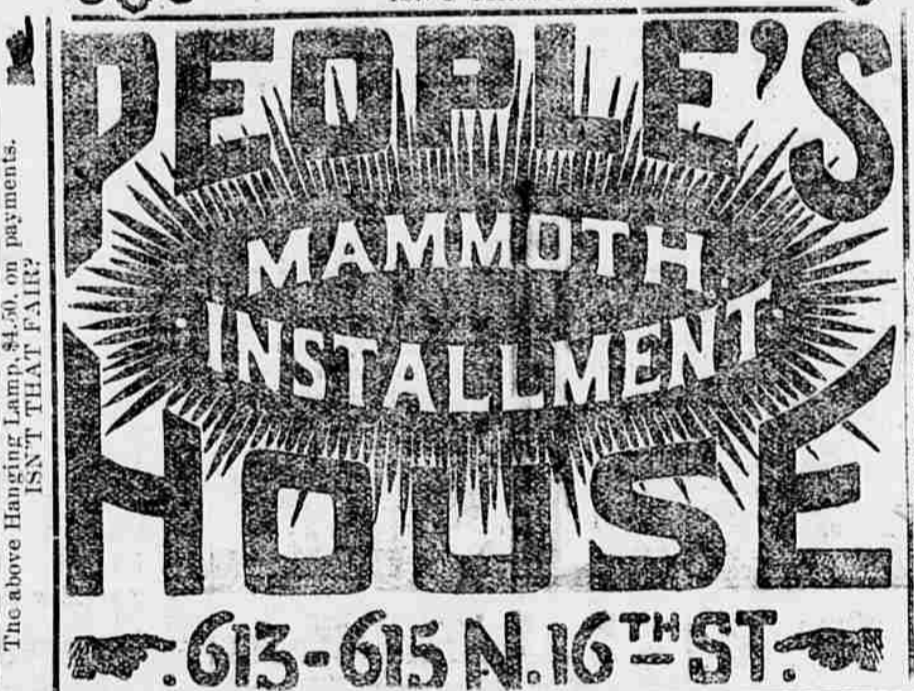
Folding Bed, \$50. On Time Payments. ISN'T THAT FAIR?



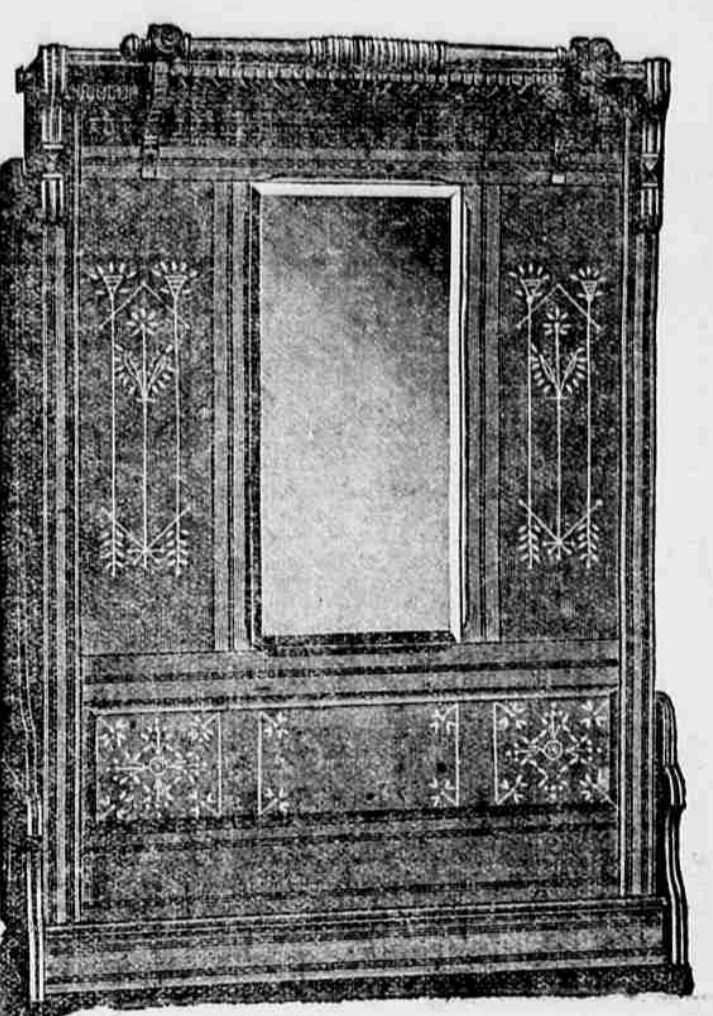
\$24. On Credit. Every Stove Guaranteed. ISN'T THAT FAIR?



6 hole Universal Range, \$27.50. ISN'T THAT FAIR?



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Folding Beds, \$25.00 and up. NINETEEN DIFFERENT STYLES.

MIMIC EARTH, SEA AND SKY.

How They Are Handled in a Modern Theatre.

AN ARMY OF SCENE SHIFTERS.

Special Cars and Drays--Loading and Unloading--Stage Mechanism and Properties--Scenery of Ancient Days--At Omaha Theatres.

Stage Scenery.

In this rushing, enterprising, money-making age, scenery forms an indispensable adjunct to the success of nearly all entertainments--especially of dramatic performances. In fact, a stage without scenery nowadays would be as primitive as a wooden plow.

The origin of the drama can be traced distinctly to the religious ceremonies of the ancients, and through the intermediate ages, dramatists and their exponents have kept in view, an intent and desire to benefit and amend the morals of mankind. But to no such distant reach into the past are there any evidences that actors in their mimic lives were surrounded with such showy embellishments as drop curtains, flats, flies, wings and furniture. The object, therefore, of this short article is to show, briefly, what strides have been made in bringing dramatic art and representation to their present, great perfection by the assistance of scenic effects; also how the proper ties is transported from place to place, moved from depot to theater and theater to depot, and the amount of work required to handle it.

Very few people outside of the profession have any conception of the vast sums of money invested by modern managers in accessories to plays as they are being produced now. More wealth is expended in the mounting of a single tragedy or melodrama in the present time than many of the finest theaters of 100 years ago cost to build. It is considered a very poor attraction that does not carry from one to half a dozen car loads of scenery and stage furniture.

Theaters are of ancient origin. They were found in every Greek city but built like Boy or the Grand, with tiers of galleries rising one over the other. The reason of that is, probably, there were no gallery gods then to sit in judgment of the players. The seats of the auditorium were arranged in semi-circular form and the play was acted on a sort of platform erected in the center. Then came a slight improvement; the proscenium was invented, and it formed the chord of the semi-circular auditorium. Behind this was a solid wall ornamented with pillars, cornices and appropriate architectural features.

The first introduction of scenery on anything like a scale of grandeur, or better than sliding screens, was put into the "Scania" opera house at Milan, Italy, built in 1774. But the correctness, either of costume or scenery, was scarcely thought of till the time of Talma, toward the close of the last century. Since then the best theaters have displayed a laudable desire to reproduce, with something like truthfulness, the manners, costumes and spirit of the period represented. There is no his- however, to show that has been made to play

nearly so important a part as the present time. Managers vie with each other to see which can invent and get up the greatest display and their enterprise has brought into demand the best talents of brush and pencil artists. To Kiralfy, the Hanlans, Stettson, Henry E. Abby, A. M. Palmer, Robson and Crane, Booth and Barrett, Edward Rice, Augustin Daly, Colonel McCall, and a dozen others, is due the credit of having conceived and constructed so much towards illustrating, perfecting and presenting dramatic productions with historical correctness so far as scenic surroundings, incidental occurrences and situations are concerned. Cranks may contend that Henry Irving deserves to be classed as the leader in this march of progress, but such is not the case. In no country on the globe has there been displayed such an enormous showing of staff as the American managers carry about with them and use every night during the season. In no other country could such an undertaking be thought of. Facilities necessary for doing it are not to be had. A few large cities reached by railroads might enjoy the luxury, but such towns in Europe, Asia, Africa and South America, as Council Bluffs, Lincoln, Beatrice, St. Joseph and Kansas City, never. Under what flag besides the stars and stripes have men engaged in this business, ever been known to transport for one night, or even a week stands, carloads of scenery? When the National Opera company traveled it had a special train and those who were attendants upon its performances remember well the great curtains of gorgeously painted canvas that added to the pomp, circumstance and pleasure of every opportunity. What wonderful amounts of tinsel and tapestry, gilded interiors, carved and pictured exteriors, streets, castles, forests, gardens, cities, lakes, rivers and fountains, give charm, beauty and entertainment to the Devil's Auction, The Twelve Temptations, Black Crook, Excelsior, Lights O' London, Silver King, Romany Rye, The Two Dromedars, Fantasma, Dories, Flying Dutchman, Nero, Faust and Shakespearean tragedies as presented by Booth and Barrett.

To handle it all at every stand is no small task by any means. Several teams of horses and wagons, besides scores of men are required. In Omaha, contracts are made by advance agents with the transfer company to haul the truck back and forth between depot and theatre. Everything is arranged before the show gets here, quick and smooth work. The company mechanic, is notified ten days before hand about the size of stage, its permanent, fixtures, whether up or down stairs, and what the arrangements are for getting into it.

Boyd's is on the second floor. As an example of the industry, take the show of Fantasma, that was given there last week. That had a car sixty feet long, loaded to the roof with staff. There were thirty-three drop curtains, to say nothing of the flats that shove on and off from either side, the small pieces used in working tricks. As soon as the train arrived Sunday, Mr. Hanlon's carpenter went to the theatre, took the dimensions of the stage, and ascertained that he could use everything. Monday morning they commenced putting it in. A large double door which opens off the stage at the rear into the alley about fifteen feet from the ground. These drop curtains come rolled up; they require a pole forty feet long and are heavy. To hoist and shove them into the stage block and tackle machinery is used. Baggage and wardrobe, and what are called properties, go up on a freight

elevator. To transfer and put up the scenery of this show twenty-two men and two teams worked seven hours without stopping to eat. The rolled curtains, as is always the case, went in first. Each one was marked, to correspond with the numbers on a printed scene plot for the stage carpenter's use, showing the position for it to be placed, whether near the front, rear or in the center. Ropes, operated by men stationed in the left or scene gallery that pass over pulleys near the roof and have weights on the outer end, are let down, three to each curtain. One is fastened to the button at either end, and the third in the middle. By these the curtain is pulled up it gradually unrolls and is finally left hanging above the border lights. This operation is repeated until every curtain is safely in its place. Then comes the work of undocking the flats and wings and setting them up, of putting each piece of furniture in a spot marked for it, so as to be handy when needed, of securing the many little things necessary and when the front curtain rises, a picture perfect in effect is disclosed to view. The car for transporting scenery has a door in the end and demands the combined efforts of three or more men to load and unload it. The wagon, coupled long, is backed up with the two hind wheels against the car and the rolled curtains are taken out or shoved in, as the case may be, en masse. When one wagon is loaded it is driven to the theatre, where from six to fifteen men meet, unload it and get the material inside. The work of getting stuff out of the theater and onto the car is not so hard, though as many men are required to do it. The only difference between the Boyd and Grand is that the latter is a ground floor, and there the scenery is carried from the wagon right onto the stage.

At Boyd's, A. J. Uhl and Al Kosters, as stage carpenter and property man respectively, have full control behind the foot lights and on them Mr. Boyd depends for assurances that every show will be put on and ready to proceed when the time comes. They are good men in that line and have never yet disappointed him. At the Grand Charles Riddlebozer and George Dean hold similar positions. Messrs. Uhl and Kosters entertained a writer yesterday with a few interesting stories of the events they have passed through. Could Roscius and Aesopos, who delighted the citizens of Rome in Cicero's time with their tragic excellence, come from their graves and walk upon an American stage what would be their amazement. Imagine the satisfaction that it would give William Shakespeare could he see Hamlet, Merchant of Venice, Othello and others of his creation in the way they are dressed up by Booth and Barrett.

But the most wonderful feature of the whole thing is found in the fact that, though the energy, push and determination of modern enterprisers to public amusement, the people of every community having a theatre are permitted to see and enjoy these things, just the same as those of the metropolis. Omaha gets just as much red fire, gorgeous tableaux and pompous pageantry, as New York, Chicago or Boston.

IMPRISONED.

It is said of a certain cranky clergyman in Ohio that he always has either a row or a revival in his church. What if Sam Jones did call certain residents of Los Angeles "boiled-eyes drunks" and "moral lepers" if they were such? Sam belongs to the church militant, and the more militant it is the better pleased is Sam. He it is, who hit the old sinners again and bit 'em hard. The Rev. Michael Baxter, of London,

proved to his own satisfaction that the millennium would begin on March 5. He evidently was promised a raise of salary on that day. We hope he got it. In the meantime he will have to walk around like an angel without wings.

There is an increasing danger of a religious war in Canada. At the same time it is hard to see how any war can be religious. The Rev. Joseph Cook declares that "God is turning prohibitionist." Does this announcement carry with it the idea that the Supreme Being was once disposed to coin, promise on beer?

Minister (addressing the family)--Bobby I suppose you've grown up to be man you will want to be an earnest christian, won't you? "Yes, sir, if it doesn't interfere with being a drunk member."

Strikes are extending to the churches. In a church in Edinburgh, the other Sunday, the choir went on a strike, "their complaint being the inconvenience and draughtiness of seats allotted to them." Some preachers have good reason to strike, because of the absence of drafts.

HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

White woollen toiletts will be more than ever in vogue next summer. New princess dresses for home wear are now arranged in bands to cross the head with pink wash dresses will be much trimmed with white embroidery. So will those of gray and blue.

A feature of the new wide-brimmed straw hats is that the crown is usually of one straw, the brim of another. Striped and plaid materials are still arranged with great ingenuity, and all money is thus avoided. Reseda, or miconette, is the very pretty shade of gray green which on many costumes is made up of one material alone.

Real orange flowers for bridal wear are now arranged in bands to cross the head with an aigrette of buds at the side. With white muslin any color may be worn; but yellow, old rose, tan and green will be the colors of the season. A stylish spring long cloak in Connemara fashion is made of cloth brocade, the ground of a handsome shade of Roman red with raised covers in blue.

Albatross or veiling delicately barred in old rose, Persian lilac, olive, mahogany, or green, are lovely tints, will be in great favor the coming season. The toque and the little French canotier will rival each other in favor this season. Low crowns appear upon nearly every one of the Paris and London models thus far exhibited.

It was considered by many women present at the inaugural ball in Washington that the most graceful and beautiful toilets displayed were those fashioned in Princesse style. One can hardly go astray in the use of ribbon. Beside the empire sash all sorts of dots and knots and bows prevail, to say nothing of the most delicate and dainty variety of flowered lawns, satens and batistes.

The genuine empire waist that is especially adapted to this summer's fashions has wide fronts gathered on the shoulders and lapping surplus fabric, under a broad sash or soft folded belt. Sometimes they are gathered, and surplus is tucked in at the back as well, or else loosely draped from one shoulder to the opposite hip, with trimming only on one edge.

CAUGHT JACK IN THE BOX.

An Old Baggage-man's Experience With a Boxed-Up Robber.

THE MAN IN FEMALE ATTIRE.

An Unique Attempt to Rob a Train Frustrated by a Vigilant Official--Russell Sage, the Stock Speculator.

Caught in the Box.

Tom Frazier, a contractor on the Rock Island, tells of a rather queer coincidence when he was manipulating baggage on the Milwaukee road. "I was working on the outside, smashing the commercial travelers' sample cases," says Frazier, "one afternoon at the Reed's street depot in Milwaukee. I got hold of one of those big sample cases which the boys style 'moguls,' and was laying out every ounce of strength, but I could not get the box from the trucks into the car. While in this predicament, a tall man with gray beard and wearing a suit of sheep-gray clothes happened along and was looking after baggage. I said to him, 'Say, old man, put your shoulder to this box and give me a boost.' He stopped to my side and took hold of the box with the clutch of an expert, and both of us elevated the trunk into the car. 'That is all right, old man,' I said, as he brushed his hands and stepped away a short distance on the platform. Finally he said: 'One good turn deserves another, doesn't it?' I remarked that I thought it did. Then he asked me to help him look up some baggage. It was a small grip, he said, and it had been railroaded somehow. We went through a monument of valises and finally I came across one and was informed that it was the desired article. 'But what do you suppose?' (Right on the side of the valise stood out in bold print, 'Russell Sage, N. Y.'). I was thunderstruck, and as I handed him the grip he smiled gently and said: 'Yes, sir, I am Russell Sage, but the very work which I assisted you in was once my means of obtaining a lively hood.' He bade me good day and I returned the salutation but at the same time was looking around for a hole in the floor to drop through. 'Queer, wasn't it? I might have asked a clerk in a dry goods store to do me the same favor and been snubbed, but the great railroad stock manipulator and financier appeared only too willing to assist me.'

"Let me relate to you some of my early experiences," said Conductor Frye of the Burlington, "when I was running baggage on the Union Pacific. It was back about ten years ago. We were coming east from Ogden, and at a small station a box supposed to contain a corpse was put in the express car, consigned to Lincoln, Neb. Bill Axley, now on the Santa Fe, was express messenger, and, as we elevated the box into the car, he remarked that it did not fit the coffin very well, as he felt a reacting jar as the article was being put in the car. There were two men fairly well dressed and showing no signs of suspicion together, with what we took to be an aged woman, who accompanied

the remains. She was represented as being the mother of the deceased and the two men were the latter's brothers. The woman or man as she turned out to be, was very anxious to remain with the corpse in the car. She also desired that her two sons might be by her side. This was against the rules and they were informed that transportation would only be allowed the corpse in the express car, and accordingly they agreed to take seats in a coach. Just before the train pulled out, Bill said to me that he thought the game was a concocted robbery and was determined to have the box handed out and inspected before the train started. But what if it were a real corpse? The boys would have hoisted Bill off the road for his cowardice. This I said to Bill, and he finally concluded to let the worst come if it must. The conductor signalled the train to start and Bill jumped into his car and I got into mine, but the more I thought of the situation the more I found that Bill's suspicions were not unfounded. Finally, at the next station, we stopped to await a clear track and Bill not being in his accustomed place at the doorway where he was, at the door, there sat Bill, with a face as pale as a dead person and with large drops of perspiration standing out on his forehead. I was about to laugh, but a sudden motion of his hand prompted me to refrain. Finally he walked close to the door and with one eye on me and the other on the box he said: 'There's a man in the box alive and I know it. You had better keep your eyes on those other fellows or we're their game sure.' I paused for a moment. I did not want to make a blunder by informing the conductor and being called a tenderfoot, but supposing that the box contains a live robber, there was the point. I meditated and I finally said to Bill to watch further developments, but he refused and said that if I did not come to his assistance he would call on somebody else. I saw that he was frightened and he did not have much the better of me. Taking hold of the car door I entered it and we both stood and gazed at the box. It was sealed and neither of us had a right to open it. I finally called the conductor and informed him of the case. 'Yes,' said he, 'and I noticed that that old lady who is weeping in the coach back there has a ponderous foot for a woman.' But we all agreed to await developments and I agreed to ride in the express car with Bill. We again pulled out, but we had not gone far before the bell rope was pulled and the train began to slacken up. At this juncture Bill did not rush to the door to see what was up but set both eyes on the box. A moment of amazement and suddenly the cover of the box flew off and a heavily armed bandit attempted to rise, but Bill had him and in an instant a ball went whizzing through the fellow's neck and he fell over. "Guard the door!" shouted Bill, and the words had not fully escaped his lips when the individual in female attire appeared and was about to enter the car when I leveled my revolver and suddenly the cover of the box flew off and a heavily armed bandit attempted to rise, but Bill had him and in an instant a ball went whizzing through the fellow's neck and he fell over. "Guard the door!" shouted Bill, and the words had not fully escaped his lips when the individual in female attire appeared and was about to enter the car when I leveled my revolver and suddenly the cover of the box flew off and a heavily armed bandit attempted to rise, but Bill had him and in an instant a ball went whizzing through the fellow's neck and he fell over.

stopped the little officer had both men in irons. The supposed female turned out to be a man in female attire. The feined corpse was converted into a real one and his companions were sentenced to the penitentiary for twenty-one years each and are now at Joliet, Ill. The victim of Bill's marksmanship was Utah Charley, one of the most daring robbers that ever infested the plains. We put the box and body off at the next station and they were disposed of in a manner which I never learned. Anyway, Bill's temerity was the means of breaking up a band of train robbers that had terrorized the west, and his marksmanship sent Utah Charley to another home where he could not stay in a pine box very long. Bill had about \$5,000 in charge at the time and after making that trip he turned over his keys and abandoned the service."

"I remember," said Trainmaster Foley of the Union Pacific, "when I was a newsboy in Indianapolis. On the fair grounds, one day, one of the boys had more papers than he could carry and asked me to help him sell them. 'Well, then, you don't holler out right,' I was the response. 'Why don't you call out all about the ship-wreck?' He took the paper out of my hand and showed me an advertisement of a vessel where a cut of the ship at full sail was displayed. 'There,' said he, 'just turn that picture upside down and if that ain't a wreck, nobody's a wreck, but don't pay any attention to it keep a yellin' while you are deadin' with a buyer and he will get bungled up.' I did this and was soon doing a land-office business. I sold all the papers and the next day I started at the same work for myself. But all the entries to it were hazardous and I got my share of that the next day. The boys clustered at the familiar spot and they put me into a barrel which was kept there expressly for that purpose and was supplied with an automatic cover. Once in the barrel they started it rolling down hill, and when they let me out I was a sad specimen of a solution of boots, dust, bruises and carnage. They tumbled me over and over and finally let me out and declared me entitled to full citizenship in newspaper circles."

The Tailor Made Girl.

By M. S. B. Ogle, in New York Mercury. She is fading out fast. She's a thing of the past. We miss her old costumes from gaiter's whirl. New styles have their weight, And to-day's fashion bids fair to ignore most completely the tailor made girl. The sculptor is glad. The cartoonist is sad. The artist has heard doth delightfully twirl. And, to-day's fashion bids fair to ignore most completely the tailor made girl. At three times the waist of the tailor made girl. She was brave, even bold-- And to-day's fashion bids fair to ignore most completely the tailor made girl. Her chin was determined, her lip had a curl, Notting comfort or bliss Ever lurked in a kiss Of the broad-shouldered out-of-door tailor made girl. She has had her brief day, And she simply can't stay. Thus time from their attars our idols must haul. But the shrine won't be bare Very long--that I'll swear! So luck and good-bye to the tailor made girl.